



LARRE O'BRIAN.

Printed for and Sold by J. PITTS, 14, Great Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

I AM lately return'd from the ocean,
Where fire blood and balls are in motion,
And for fighting I never had a notion,
It will never do for Larre O Brian;
I could box on the shore like a son of a whore,
I could knock the dogs, by my soul half a score,
I never thought it clever, for balls to knock out the
liver of poor Larre,
Blood and ouns! where is the gaby that will tarry,
It will never do for Larre O Brian.
I am so tight that no one can come near me,
And for wit I will engage no one can come near me,
And for fighting they will all need to fear me,
They will find their match in Larre O Brian;
So tight and so free when I first went to sea,
Who the devil should they pop in a office but me,
With my scraper how I vapour, blood and ouns!
they made a sweeper of poor Larre,
Blood and ouns! where is the gaby that would tarry,
It will never do for poor Larre O Brian.
There is a dirty little midshipman milk sop,
And he orders me up to the tip top,
And then my head went round like a wip top,
It was cruelty for Larre O Brian;
A sailor he went up and let down a rope,
Where they ty'd it round my middle,
And haul'd me up I kept squeaking, I kept squeaking
While the devils they kept hauling of poor Larre.
Whilst the sea was a bubbling,
My stomach was sorely grumbling,
I wish'd myself safe into Duttin,
Safe landed with Larre O Brian;
The first thing they gave me was like a sack,
Where one cut me down, by my soul broke my neck
Where they wipt me and stript me,
Such a fagging sure they tipt me. O poor Larre,
The next thing they all went a fighting,
A thing that I never took delight in,
A nasty dirty trick, they did me frighten,
Sure they all smelt poor Larre O Brian,
And there wood and shot,
And the devil knows what,
I could not tell whether my head was on or not,
But free from pain, I left the main,
And the devil may go there again for Larre.